

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "My Block (Remix)"

Damn, take a ride to my block  
My block, that's right! Hehe  
'Round my motherfuckin' way

They got a nigga sheddin' tears, reminiscin' on my past fears  
'Cause shit was hectic for me last year  
It appears that I've been marked for death, my heartless breast  
The underlying cause of my arrest, my life is stressed  
And no rest, forever weary; my eyes stay teary  
For all the brothers that are buried in the cemetery  
Shit is scary, how black-on-black crime legendary  
But at times unnecessary, I'm getting worried  
Teardrops and closed caskets, the three strikes law is drastic  
And certain death for us ghetto bastards  
What can we do when we're arrested but open fire?  
Life in the pen ain't for me, 'cause I'd rather die  
But don't cry through your despair  
I wonder if the Lord still cares for us niggas on welfare  
And who cares if we survive? The only time they notice a nigga is when he's clutchin' on a four-five  
My neighborhood ain't the same, 'cause all these little babies going crazy and they suffering in the game  
And I swear it's like a trap  
But I ain't given up on the hood, it's all good when I go back  
Hoes show me love, niggas give me props  
Forever hop, 'cause it don't stop – on my block

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)  
Every block is kind to me  
But on the block we still pray  
But on the block we still pray

Now shit's constantly hot on my block  
It never fails to be gunshots  
Can't explain a mother's pain when her son drops  
Black males living in Hell; when will we prevail?  
Fearing jail, but crack sales got me living well  
And in a sense I'm suicidal with this Thug's Life  
Staying strapped, forever trapped in this drug life  
God, help me, 'cause I'm starving, can't get a job  
So I resort to violent robberies, my life is hard  
Can't sleep, 'cause all the dirt make my heart hurt  
Put in work and shed tears for my dead peers  
Mislead from childhood where I went astray  
'Til this day I still pray for a better way  
Can't help but feel hopeless and heartbroke  
From the start I felt the racism 'cause I'm dark  
Couldn't quit, the bullshit make me represent  
Hit the bar and played the star everywhere I went  
In my heart I felt alone, out here on my own  
I close my eyes and picture home – on my block

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)  
Every block is kind to me  
But on the block we still pray  
But on the block we still pray

And I can't help but wonder why so many young kids had to die; caught strays from AK's in a drive-by  
Swollen pride and homicide don't coincide  
Brothers cry for broken lives; Mama, come inside!  
'Cause our block is filled with danger  
Used to be a close knit community  
But now we're all cold strangers  
Time changes us to stone, them crack pipes  
All up and down the block, exterminating black life  
But I can't blame the dealers; my mama's welfare check has brought the next man chrome wheels  
Shit's real, I know you feel my tragedy  
A single mother with a problem child, daddy free  
Hanging out, picking up game, sippin' cheap liquor  
Gaming the hoochies, hoping I can get to sleep with her  
It's a man's world, staying strapped  
Fantasies of a nigga living phat but held back  
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless  
Wide eyed and losing focus – on my block

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)  
Every block is kind to me  
But on the block we still pray  
But on the block we still pray

And block parties in the projects lasting way past daylight  
A young nigga learned to break, right?  
Used to play fight with my homies, but they stuck in the pen  
I send them ends, but it's tough on a friend  
In my mind I see the same motherfuckers ballin'  
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his call  
I know the young niggas understand this  
Growing up in this world where everything is scandalous  
I reminisce on the fast times, past crimes  
Tryin' to cop a slice of pizza with my last dime  
Can't explain, just what attracts me to this dirty game  
Gold chains, some extra change, and the street fame  
And what's strange is everybody know my name  
Swear they all know me, and lots of cash make a nigga change  
I hit the green just to maintain, feeling pain  
For all the niggas that I lost to the game – from my block

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)  
Every block is kind to me  
But on the block we still pray  
But on the block we still pray

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckers that passed away  
From all the blocks that I'm from

112 street, 7th Avenue, New York, Uptown, knahmsayin'?  
183rd and Walt, my block – that's right  
122nd and Morningside, my block – that's right  
Decatur Avenue, Baltimore, my block – that's right  
And the Jungle, Marin City, that's my block – that's right  
Los Angeles, haha – that's my block too  
Oakland, can't forget Oaktown – that's my block for sure  
And all the other blocks around this motherfucker  
Houston, Florida, St. Louis, Tennessee, Miami, Chicago  
All y'all niggas stay kickin' up dust  
Represent the motherfuckin' block

Thanks to vict0rcheung, speedy1382007, theblazedromeo, tanweer\_khan for correcting these lyrics.